# The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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For the Myrtle.

## Nellie Singing.

"MARY had a little lamb,"
So baby Nellie sings,
And the sweet music of her voice
Takes me on fancy's wings,

Unto a green and sunny spot
Upon a hillside fair,
Where once in childhood's happy hours,
I rambled free from care.

Beside the running, sparkling brook
I found the violet blue,
And on the breezy mountain top,
The loveliest May-flowers grew.

And roses wild and columbines,
And tiger-lilies gay,
And nameless flowers of every hue,
Which tempted me astray.

With rapturous notes of happy birds,
And lambkins frisking round
It to my childish fancy seemed
Like some enchanted ground.

I think, too, of those Eastern plains,
Where shepherds watched by night,
And listened to those heavenly strains,
Proclaiming gospel light.

And the Great Shepherd of the sheep
Who calls his children dear,
Unto his tender loving arms,
And hushes every fear.

Sing on, dear little Nellie, sing,
And charm our cares away,
Thou art more beautiful and sweet
Than all the flowers of May.

*A. S. T.*

## They Shine Forever.

THEIR deeds shine brighter than the stars,
For daylight hides them never—
Good men are stars that never set,
They shine in heaven forever.

For the Myrtle.

## Jet.

SOME friends I know had once the most wonderful baby in the world. This the father said every day to the baby's mother, and as she did not dispute him he was very sure it was true. Every time he went out he looked about to see if he could find anything pretty enough to carry home to the baby. He bought dolls, and whistles, and tops, and toy whips, and little wagons, and pictures, and ever so many other things, and the baby was pleased with them all, and laughed and crowed when her papa gave them to her, to show that she liked the attention he paid her. But she was too little to play with them, and would drop them in a moment and reach both her little specks of hands for papa's whiskers, which she thought the most splendid playthings in the world. Then the young father would laugh and say that it was wonderful how the baby loved him, whiskers and all.

Once when he was on the street considering upon what new toy he should find for the baby, some one asked him to buy a dog, a small, black, Newfoundland puppy, as round and shaggy as a roly-poly ball. "The very thing!" said he, and

he paid, I hardly dare to tell how much money for it, but it was a large sum, and carried it directly home to the baby.

Of course baby laughed when she saw the new toy, all covered with whiskers, and she buried both tiny hands in the glossy hair. The puppy was pleased with this, and he kissed the small hands, and then leaped up and kissed the little face, and baby laughed again and pulled harder at the hair. This was rather rough, and puppy was indignant and began to bark, and the bark frightened baby and she began to cry. So papa carried him down to the kitchen to be fed, and then went back to consult with baby's mamma about a name for the new toy. After a long discussion Jet was chosen as the most appropriate, for he was as black and glossy as jet.

Bridget, who was often lonely in the kitchen, was very much pleased with little Jet, and fed him well, and made a nice bed for him in an empty soap box near the fire. Two or three times every day she carried him up stairs to see the baby, but little Jet did not enjoy having his whiskers pulled as well as the young father did, so after he had played a little while, as soon as the door was opened, he ran with all his might back to Bridget, tumbling and rolling down the basement stairs. Bridget was always pleased to see him, and had a little substantial comfort ready in the cracked soup plate that had been devoted to Jet.

One day while Jet was playing in the kitchen, performing some little accomplishments for Bridget's amusement, a junkman called at the door and told Bridget to ask her mistress if she had any rags or old iron to sell. While Bridget was gone on her errand the junkman seized little Jet and put him in a covered basket in his wagon, and when Bridget came back to tell him they had nothing to sell, he drove away as fast as he could.

Little Jet thought that the basket was some new play, so he kept still until the wagon started, and then he was a little frightened and tried to get out, but the cover was firm, and when he whined the man spoke harshly to him and frightened him into silence.

They rode several miles away from the city, little Jet feeling very sick and miserable, jolted about as he was in the basket, and he felt very glad when at last the wagon stopped, the horse was taken out and put in a barn, and his basket lifted and carried into a house.

The cover was raised, and oh, what a house Jet saw! One large room without plaster, a rusty stove, a rough table, some rickety chairs, an untidy woman bustling about preparing supper, and four frouzy, dirty children playing upon the floor. The children all screamed when they saw Jet in the basket, curled up and trembling all over with fear, for he had never heard such a noise in his life. They rushed toward him, tumbled him rudely out upon the floor, and when he tried to escape from them they all ran after him, squealing and fighting like a nest of young wolves. One boy caught him by his beautiful ears and pulled them until he whined with pain. Then the man who had stood watching them and laughing, interfered, and with a kick to one and a slap to another, and loud, angry words to all, silenced them. He would not have the dog abused, he said. Then he offered him a bone, which Jet was too frightened to eat, but accepted out of pure politeness, and began to call him all the dog names he could recollect, trying to learn which belonged to him. "Pompey, Fido, Skip, Trip, Wag, Jack—" that name sounded so much like his own that Jet pricked up his ears and wagged his tail a little. "An' that must be the name. Jack, Jack, Jack," he called, holding out his hand and speaking kindly. Jet laid down his bone and ran to the man and wagged his tail with pleasure. From that hour Jet's pretty name was changed to Jack, and that was but the least of the changes that awaited the poor dog. From a clean, warm bed in Bridget's neat kitchen, and comfortable and often dainty food on a clean plate, with daily washings and combings and lessons in behavior, with much petting, — it was a sad change to a heap of rags in a corner, if he could find them, if not, to the bare floor, or the cold doorstep, and a bone or such scraps as the children refused.

Poor Jet could not understand it. He thought the whole world must be turned upside down and he changed into some other dog, and that it was only his duty to conform as well as he could to the circumstances. He was in the country, and that was new and pleasant to him, and he enjoyed very much the freedom that was allowed him. He soon learned to play with the children, to guard the house, to keep the hens from wandering from the grove, and many other things, and when his playmates were cruel to him he treated them kindly in return, hoping by a good example to induce them to be good.

Jet's new master had a very bad fault that several times came near killing him. While away on business with his horse and wagon he sometimes drank whiskey until he could not sit upright, and would fall over in his wagon, drop the lines and let the horse go where he pleased. Near his house was a railroad with a double track where trains were passing and repassing continually. The junkman had a road leading from the street across the railroad, then through the woods to his house. It was a dangerous place for any but a very careful driver. One dark night he was coming home intoxicated in the bottom of his wagon, when the horse saw the light of an approaching train, and stopped to look at it directly upon the track. Jet knew the danger and bounded from the house, seized the lines in his mouth and safely guided the horse up the winding and narrow road through the trees to his master's door. After this event, every time his master was away from home in the night, Jet took his station by the railroad and waited for him, and several times had the pleasure of leading the horse safely home.

The last time this occurred the junkman had not drank as much as usual, and instead of being insensible he was very cross. He said, with fearful oaths, that he would teach Jack not to leave the house, that he could drive well enough even if he was drunk, and he got a revolver that he always kept loaded and tried to shoot the faithful dog that had so many times saved his life. He fired shot after shot at the noble animal, who stood mute with astonishment at such ingratitude, but his hand was unsteady and Jet was not hurt, but he felt indignant, and thought it was time to leave. He went across the railroad to the street, walked a few rods, and then sat down and tried to think what to do.

While he sat there, feeling friendless and very forlorn, several carriages went past and one of them stopped for a moment near him.

"What a splendid dog!" a gentleman exclaimed to his wife. "That is just what Jet would have been by this time."

Hearing the familiar name, Jet looked up, and there were his young master and mistress looking at him. He sprang forward with delight, wagging his tail and barking with pleasure.

"Perhaps it may be he," said the lady, doubtfully.

"I think it *is* he," said the young father, "Jet! Poor fellow! Good fellow!"

Overjoyed, Jet sprang into the carriage with such crazy demonstrations of delight, that he frightened the lady, who thought he must be a mad dog.

"No, indeed!" said the gentleman, "it must be Jet, and he knows us, although he has grown so large we could not recognize him. But I must not carry away a dog that may belong to another man."

He gently pushed Jet from the carriage, resolved to carry his wife and child home, and then return and find the owner of the dog, so he drove rapidly onward. But Jet had a will of his own in regard to this, and followed on as fast as his four feet could carry him, for awhile patiently behind, but longing for another word of recognition he was soon prancing along by the side of the carriage.

When they arrived at home and the door was opened, Jet was the first to enter, and he ran directly into the kitchen to find his old friend, Bridget. She was sewing by the window, and he ran up to her, put his fore paws and head in her lap and cried like a child.

"Why, Jet!" exclaimed Bridget, a little startled at this sudden apparition, but hugging him with tears in her eyes, "how glad I am you have come, and how you have grown!" Then the young father, with the baby in his arms, ran down into the kitchen followed by the mother, to welcome the dog, and he sprang from one to the other with delight, kissed the baby, stood on his hind feet with his fore paws crossed, as Bridget had taught him, and did everything he could think of to convince them that he was the same little dog they had lost.

The baby's father was satisfied, but he thought it would be right to advertise in the papers, naming the locality where he found the dog and asking the owner to call, but no one ever came. Indeed, the junkman carefully avoided the street where they lived, for he was afraid he might be arrested for stealing.

Bridget carefully washed and combed Jet, and as he had outgrown the soap box, made for him a bed in a large wash-tub. He plays now every day with the baby as gently as a nurse, and seems to take pleasure in it, and to feel responsible for the good behavior of his little mistress, and the young father thinks that he "never made a better hit than when he bought that remarkable dog for the wonderful baby."

*Mrs. O. D. Miller.*

For the Myrtle.

## A Lesson from a Plant.

THAT beautiful plant in the window.
As soon as the day is begun,
Turns leafage and bright-tinted petals,
To welcome the rays of the sun.
Its fibres drink in the warm sunlight
And stronger and brighter it grows,
Because of the sunshine within it,
Sweet fragrance and pleasure bestows.

So I, while performing my duties,
Must gather and hide in my heart,
The sunshine of love and of goodness,
Until of myself they are part.
Then I shall grow better, and stronger
The evils of life to repel,
The joy and the peace that surround me
Of the sunshine within me may tell. *H. H. D.*

For the Myrtle.

## A Young Astronomer.

WE told the readers of the MYRTLE, a few weeks ago, something about the gifted English lady, Mrs. Somerville, especially of her fondness for animals. We now wish to tell you something more of her young life, — of her school days and her education.

Mary Fairfax,—for that was her name when a girl, — was not sent to school till she was ten years old. She had grown up wild and free, in her Scotch home, among her pets and flowers, and scarcely knew how to read. When her father came home from sea, he said to her mother, "This will never do: Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts." So she was sent away from home, to a boarding-school, under charge of a Miss Primrose. "Here," she says, "I was perfectly wretched." This is the most she says about it, but any little girl who has ever been homesick can understand it. She staid a whole year, but learned little that was useful and everything that was wearisome. She was put into stiff, light corsets, to make her prim and straight, and she had to learn whole pages of Johnson's dictionary by heart. What would the ten-year-old girls of this day think of that? And this was the whole of her school education! We need not wonder that she found herself in great disgrace, after she got home, by writing to her brother that she sent him a bank-*knot*, to buy something with.

For awhile she went away from home every day to learn to cook, and besides her help about the house-work she learned to sew and do many kinds of fancy work at home. She went to the village school to learn needle-work, and made shirts of fine linen, and worked "samplers" with all the letters of the alphabet. But though she loved to read, her reading was thought to be a waste of time. More and more every year she grew to love books and reading, but such was the feeling against girls becoming learned, that she actually was made to feel guilty about it. "I thought it unjust," she said, "that girls should have been given a desire for knowledge, if it were wrong to acquire it."

It is interesting to see how her knowledge of astronomy begun, and how the mind of the woman was strong in the little girl. "We had two small globes," she says, "and my mother allowed me to learn the use of them from Mr. Reed, the village schoolmaster, who came to teach me, for a few weeks, in the winter evenings. Besides the ordinary branches, Mr. Reed taught Latin and navigation, but these were out of the question for me. At the village school the boys often learnt Latin, but it was thought sufficient for the girls to be able to read the Bible; very few even learnt writing."

The celestial globe interested her in the study of the heavens at night. She writes, "My bedroom had a window to the south, and a small closet near had one to the north. At these I spent many hours studying the stars. Although I watched and admired the magnificent displays of the Aurora, which frequently occurred, they seemed to be so nearly allied to lightning that I was somewhat afraid of them. I saw at one time a comet, that I dreaded exceedingly." This child, so timid, so afraid of wonders that she did not understand, would thus watch alone

for hours, the silent stars, because there was no one to understand or help her.

When a little older, she played four and five hours a day on the piano, and became a fine player, keeping up the art, for her enjoyment, to the end of her long life. Also, "for the sake of having something to do," as she says, she taught herself Latin, and read Cæsar, all by herself, while her brothers studied it at school. Afterwards she found out that there was a study called Algebra; and getting a book she commenced to study it by herself, and also navigation. "I soon found out," she says, "that astronomy did not consist in star-gazing, but I persevered in studying my books, and got a dim view of many subjects that were useful to me afterwards. Unfortunately not one of our acquaintances or relations knew anything of science or natural history, nor, had they done so, should I have had courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me."

And so the young girl's life went on; her music and her painting were praised, but her books on mathematics and astronomy had to be studied in secret. When they found she sat up nights, they took her candle away from her. Then she committed her problems to memory, and went over them in the dark. Her father was in despair and said to her mother, "We *must* put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait jacket one of these days. There was X. who went raving mad about the longitude!"

Not until after Mary Fairfax was over thirty years of age, and had little children of her own to take care of, did she have time and help and sympathy for her studies. Yet she became a famous scholar and astronomer, and wrote that great work on "The Mechanism of the Heavens" that only few among men were learned enough to read and understand.

It was eighty years ago when she was a little girl, and times and fashions have changed since then. Most of the little girls who read this have all the helps in their studies that they can desire. Are you as faithful to your advantages as Mary Fairfax was to hers? And if she did such great things with all her disadvantages what ought not you to accomplish, to whom the good providence of this later day is so much kinder and more generous?

*H. A. B.*

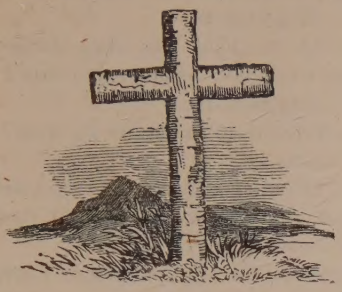
## A Rich Young Man.

We call him "Bobolink," and "Pappoose," and "Old Blessed," and all sorts of names — you know how they do call babies. Your great six-year-old Harry would not think him much of a fellow, I suppose, this small man of six months, but he thinks he is, and so does his mother, and his father, and all the family.

He considers himself very rich, too, or, as grown-up people say, "well-off." He has such white, round little pegs fixed on to his hands for him to play with. He sticks them up and looks at them sidewise, and edgewise, and every way, and they never get lost like your playthings, — they are always on hand. They are so nice to eat, too. First one fist goes into his mouth, then the other, then both fists. The only trouble is he cannot swallow them, they are so big, or something. Too bad, isn't it?

Sometimes he gets hold of those little pink fellows down below. He thinks they are the cunningest. There is such a drove of them! He can't count them himself, but I believe there are as many as ten. One of them "goes to market," and one of them "stays at home," and there is a little mite of a one that don't get any bread and butter. How he does squeal! Dear, dear! You would think this young man would cry to hear him; but he don't; the ripples of laughter come gurgling up his little fat throat, until, when at last the poor piggy gives his very hardest squeal, he almost explodes with glee. It's so pleasant to have jolly little fat pigs of one's own to play with! Ten live, pink piggies! Just think of it! But that is not all, oh no! He owns a most lovely piece of red flannel, which his grandma gave him, that is very valuable. It is such a pretty thing and so bright! He turns it over, and views it in every light, and tastes of it. If you should lay a ten-thousand-dollar greenback down beside it, he would grasp in preference that gorgeous, magnificent rag. You couldn't buy that of him with ten or twenty thousand dollars.

Then he has a great many fine musical instruments that he plays on splendidly. Every newspaper he can get hold of he turns into a piano or organ. He scratches his nails on them, and digs holes through them, and you ought to hear how beautifully they do rattle; but the brown paper that came around the sugar is the best, that is so crackly and high-toned.—*Morning Star.*



## Easter in our Sunday Schools.

Reports of Easter Sunday from nearest home come first to hand. We therefore devote all our room this week to reports of the exercises of our Suuday Schools in Massachusetts, deferring other notices till next week. We say nothing of the church services, though these were by far the most important part of the observance, and we hope every Sunday School scholar, however small, was in the congregation. Not one of our churches, probably, but was decorated with flowers for the occasion. So we will not attempt to describe the decorations in each place, but our readers must imagine all these exercises taking place in the midst of bouquets and wreaths and crosses, calla lilies, white roses and trailing smilax, all in the most beautiful profusion.

—In Boston, the 39th Anniversary of the Sunday School was celebrated at Columbus Avenue Church, at 3 P. M. The report of the Superintendent, Rev. Mr. Cushman, shows the school to be in a prosperous condition. The school began the year with two hundred and eighty-seven members and closes with a membership of three hundred and twenty-one. An infant class has been formed during the year which now numbers forty-five members. The average attendance, except the infant class, has been seventy-eight per cent. Miss Annie J. Hayward has not been absent from the school but three times in *ten* years, and those absences were occasioned by the death of her mother. The school at the beginning of the year was $152 in debt. Its financial affairs have been so managed that the debt has been paid and the current expenses amounting to $347, and the school begins the year with $246.10 in the Treasury. The school has been supplied with new service and singing books during the year, and the singing under the direction of Mr. H. J. Smith, the organist of the parish, is excellent. One feature of the anniversary exercises was designated on the order as "Easter Hopes, variously expressed by members of the School." The exercises consisted of a recitation or reading selected with reference to the season by one member from each class in the school. Mr. J. D. W. Joy of the Shawmut Avenue School made an address, and in behalf of his pastor and Sunday School presented a beautiful floral cross to the Columbus Avenue School. The graceful token was received with an expression of thanks and with a return of Christian gratitude to their thoughtful neighbors. The Sunday School Library numbers 1,683 volumes, and there has been a distribution of 4,405 during the year.

At the Shawmut Avenue church, there was an appropriate observance of the day in the Sunday School, remarks being made by the pastor, the superintendent, Mr. Albert Metcalf, Rev. Edward Smiley, and Mr. J. D. W. Joy, who with impressive remarks presented in behalf of a member of the church a beautiful Easter tribute in memory of a sainted member of his Bible Class. In the evening there was a large attendance at the Class and Conference Meetings.

—At Cambridgeport, the evening was given to the children's service, which took the form of a concert. The church was crowded with an interested audience.

—At Roxbury as elsewhere the chief observance was in the church. The only variation from the regular exercises was in the service appropriate for the day, and the reading of Easter selections of Scriptures by a young girl, member of the school.

—At Charlestown in the afternoon the children's Easter service was held, the church being crowded. The exercises consisted of excellent singing by the scholars, reading of the Easter service by Superintendent Hall and the children, and addresses by Revs. C. W. Biddle and J. N. Pardee.

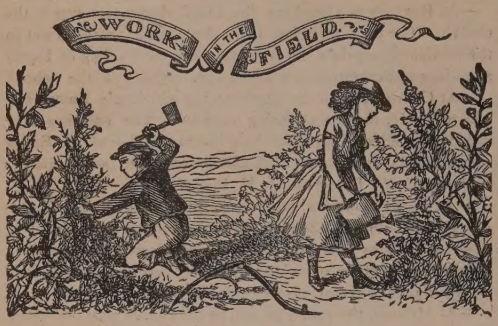
— At East Cambridge, the evening was devoted to an Easter concert by the Sunday School, to which a congregation occupying pews and aisles listened with deep interest. The excellent musical talent of the school, which is very successfully developed by the musical director, give especial interest to the occasion.

—At Melrose, the vestry as well as the church was decorated. The Superintendent conducted devotional services appropriate to the day; following which was the regular monthly "General Exercise," which, in this church, takes the place of the Sunday School Concert. A dialogue for Easter by Mrs. Winship, formed one of the most delightful features of the service.

—At Waltham, in the afternoon there was an Easter Concert by the Sunday School. The attendance was large, and the exercises, consisting of recitations and singing by the members of the school, were all appropriate to the occasion.

—The Methuen Sunday School commemorated Easter by appropriate services in the evening. After an introductory reading by the Superintendent, C. E. Trow, and an earnest prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hayward, a piece entitled "The Easter Offering" was admirably carried out by the children of the school. The pulpit was taken away, and the whole space devoted to the symbol of the cross, the decorations, and thus taking part in wreathing the cross with evergreen and choice flowers. The scholars, one and all, recited their parts so well as to elicit the praise of all. At the conclusion of the piece, "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung with a will, following which the Rev. Mr. Judkins, pastor of the Methodist society made some remarks on the helpful services of the occasion in the cause of the Sunday School, and the need of encouragement in the work by all who have the interest of the Sunday School at heart. The whole school felt like thanking him for his encouraging words. The pastor spoke next, and in a fervent address, pictured to the audience the power of Jesus' love, and the blessed comfort he gave to those who came to him in bereavement and loss. The services closed with a prayer by Mr. Judkins and a hymn in which the whole congregation joined, and it was "sung with the spirit and the understanding." The audience separated with the benediction from the pastor.

—Wednesday evening, March 25th, the Sunday School connected with the First Universalist parish in Amesbury and Salisbury, presented to the public a most beautiful and charming entertainment, consisting of "The Mission of the Fairies." It was introduced by two little girls, who set forth the object of the entertainment in the form of a very witty dialogue. Most of the little girls took part in the play, all of whom were dressed in white, — the gossamer material splangled, while wreaths and flowers added much to the display. The queen was also adorned in a style of beauty becoming her station, and was in much favor with her subjects, — The Fairies, the Prince of the "Brownies," held in high regard by his subjects, appeared in regal splendor. Tnus were a large number of the boys and girls engaged, much to their delight, and also to the pleasure of the audience. The object of the piece was to show the power and beauty of well-doing, which was most beautifully illustrated, both by speaking, tableaux scenes, scenery and chemical lights. The whole was interspersed with music and songs. A member of the school sang a Scotch song with fine effect, which elicited much applause. It was a success, and said to be the best ever presented to an audience in the village. This school is only about five years old, and hence most of the pupils are quite young.




## Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON LVII.—PAUL.

*Question.* — Why was Paul glad to speak in his defence, before Agrippa?

*Answer.* — Acts xxvi. 3.

*Q.* — What did Paul say the Jews knew of him, but would not tell?

*A.* — Acts. xxvi. 5.

*Q.* — Of what great hope of the Jews was he really accused?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 8.

NOTE. The Jews believed that the true Messiah would never die. But Paul proved that it was a doctrine of the Scriptures that the Messiah was to die and rise from the dead. They persecuted him for teaching this truth. Therefore he asserts that he was persecuted for believing in the resurrection of the dead—a doctrine held by his persecutors.

*Q.* — In what respect had St. Paul been like his persecutors?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 9.

*Q.* — Had he been guilty of persecuting?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 10.

*Q.* — How violently did he persecute the believers in Jesus as the Messiah?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 10, 11.

*Q.* — Where was he stopped in his work of persecuting?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 12.

*Q.* — How was he stopped?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 13, 14.

*Q.* — What work was he told he had been selected to do?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 16, 17, 18.

*Q.* — Did he obey?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 15.

*Q.* — How extensively did he preach Jesus as the Saviour of the world?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 20.

*Q.* — What had the Jews done to him for this?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 21.

*Q.* — What doctrine did Paul tell Agrippa he still held and taught?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 23.

*Q.* — As St. Paul was very earnest in his manner, what did Agrippa say to him?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 24.

*Q.* — What did Paul assure the king?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 25.

*Q.* — After this hearing, the rulers held a consultation. To what conclusion did they come?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 31.

*Q.* — What did Agrippa assure Festus about Paul?

*A.* — Acts xxvi. 32.

## Enigma.

I am composed of sixty letters.

My 51, 59, 11, 47, 38, 17, is the name of a prophet.

My 18, 6, 16, 51, 8, 1, 32, is where the disciples were first called Christians.

My 59, 26, 3, 24, 40. 12, is one who was called of God.

My 44, 33, 20, 47, 13, 29, 32, deceived her husband.

My 50, 51, 28, 15, 2, 6, was sent by an angel to deliver the Israelites.

My 30, 58, 5, 22, 31, 43, is one of the sons of Jacob.

My 4, 37, 54, 9, 21, 59, was smitten with blindness.

My 39, 42, 52, 45, 28, was the seventh son of Jesse.

My 25, 10, 17, 55, 22, 23, 34, 9, was an ancient king.

My 49, 36, 59, 60, 57, 26, is where Paul healed a cripple.

My 46, 53, 21, 48, 19, 17, is what many covet.

My 27, 45, 41, 40, 7, is a number.

My 35, 8, 46, is often made to God.

My 56 is a vowel.

My whole is one of the sayings of Christ.

## Answer.

APRIL 18. Ittai, Abigail, Moses, Tarsus, Hezekiah, Esther, Gamaliel, Obadiah, Olivet, Demas, Stephen, High-Priest, Eneas, Prison, Herodias, Elijah, Rimmon, Dagon. I am the Good Shepherd.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